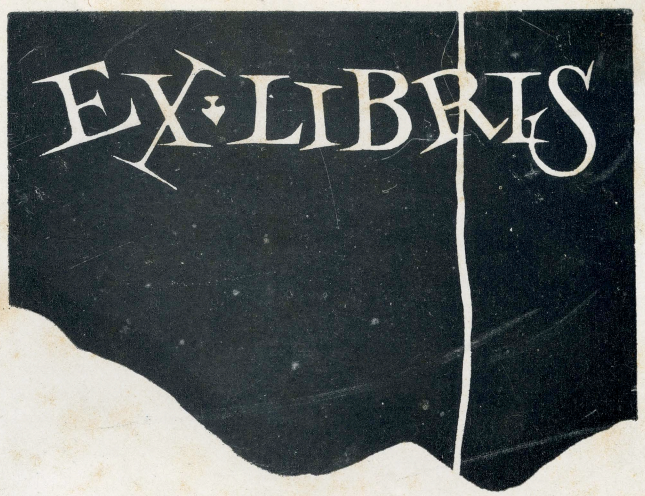
STEPHENS LEIAN

1926



S-L H. S.

The Stephens-Leeian

PUBLISHED BY

The Senior Class
of 1926

Stephens-Lee High School

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Order of Books

I.

STEPHENS-LEE
BUILDING
FACULTY
SENIORS
SOPHOMORES
FRESHMEN
ALUMNI

II.

STEPHENS-LEE LIFE
CLUBS AND SOCIETIES
ATHLETICS
FEATURES

Foreword

You cannot keep your friends with you forever; neither can you remain forever under the shadow of these dear walls. It is not necessary, however, that you should part entirely with either of them, since within the pages of this book are preserved your friends—their faces, dispositions, and ambitions, your school—its life, activities and achievements.

We hope that as you turn the pages of this book a sympathetic and tender feeling for Alma Mater will steal over you and that this book will inspire you to work on until you achieve something worth while in the world. May this book cheer and inspire you in some of the dark days that are sure to come after you have left these walls.

However, it would have been impossible to publish this first volume of our Year Book had it not been for the hearty support received from the faculty, classes, and the business men and women. We wish to thank them, one and all.

Although we realize that this publication is by no means perfect, nevertheless, "Lest auld acquaintance be forgot," we offer this, the first volume of our Annual.

Our Principal

PROF. WALTER SMITH LEE

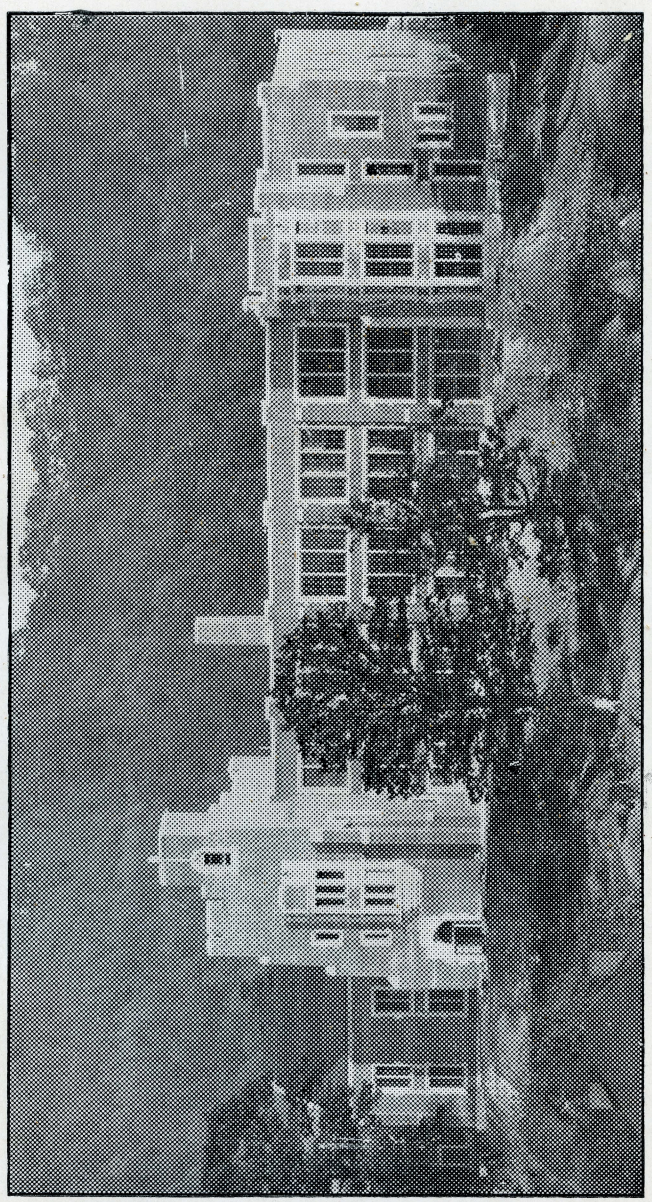
Dedication

As a token of our appreciation of one who has given and is giving his time, thought, and heart to the development of Negro youth at Stephens-Lee High School, of one whose life is an inspiration to all those wtih whom he comes in contact, we affectionately dedicate this first volume of the **Y***ear Book to our sincere friend and principal,*

PROF. WALTER SMITH LEE

SUPERINTENDENT W. L. BROOKER

Head of the Asheville City School System, under whose administration Stephens-Lee High School was erected



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W.N. ARNOLD
MRS. HELEN C. SMITH
SHAMRAY BRYANT
MRS. ELENORA M. WALKER
CHARLOTTE E. BATES
MAYME C. OSBY
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M. A., Livingstone College
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A. B., Livingstone College
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LATIN

MRS. ANNA PERRIN MARTIN
A. B., Avery College
ENGLISH

JOHN H. LONG
A. B., A. and T. College
MANUAL TRAINING

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A. B., A. and T. College
MATHEMATICS

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M. A., Columbia University
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SCIENCE

MISS MAYME E. OSBY
A. B., Fisk University
HOME ECONOMICS

OLIVER H. McCORKLE
A. B., Livingstone College
SCIENCE

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Robert Pagan ..... *9-B Class*
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Texanna Williams ..... *8-B Class*
Cornelia Williams ..... *8-A Class*

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Ollie McCool

Advisor ..... Shamray Bryant

SENIOR EDITOR'S VIEWPOINT

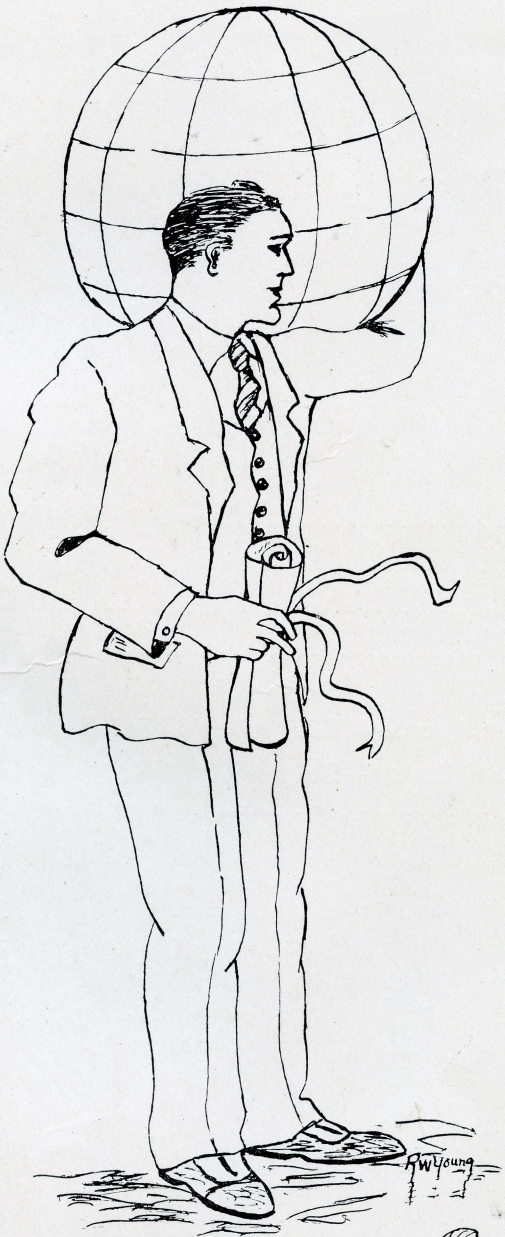
THERE is every modern convenience that may be expected in a high school, yet there is something lacking in the pupils of Stephens-Lee. As the days succeed each other, this will cause Stephens-Lee to bow her head in shame.

When pupils graduate, they find trouble in their quest for higher learning on account of their inefficiency in English. The fault does not lie with their former teachers, but with the students themselves. There is a tendency to be slack in the use of correct English. Oft times, when boys and girls know better, they lapse into the habit of companions who use words as they please and not in the proper grammatical construction. As a result, when they enter college they are totally unfit for Freshmen in the English department.

We, as colored students, have greater effort to put forth than students of other races. Seventy-five per cent of our relations and business dealings are with people who have never given any serious consideration to their English on account of ignorance and carelessness.

The Freshman has wondered, the Sophomore has looked askance, the Junior has worried, and the Senior has felt the sting of bad usage of language. Let us as students in Negro High Schools bring ourselves and others to a correct use of language by a determination to keep up correct speech, instead of being dragged down by our environment.

With set feet and hearts fired with a new determination for correct speech, and with continual suggestions from the faculty, we should easily throw off these shackles that tend to make our race in America noted for broken language. A paramount improvement is the outcome of a set determination.



SENIORS

OFFICERS

President ..... ALBERT MANLEY
Vice-President ..... GLADYS COWAN
Secretary ..... LENNA MEANS
Treasurer ..... STELLA FOWLER

CLASS MOTTO—*"They can who think they are."*
CLASS COLORS—*Old Rose and Gold.*
CLASS FLOWERS—*Sweet Peas and Ferns.*

ADA ELANOR RUFF
"TIPPY"
"Aw, Pshaw!"
Ambition—Trained Nurse.
Pastime—Talking 'bout nothing.
Organizations—Athletic Association, Crown and Sceptre Club.

ALBERT EDWARD MANLEY
"RED"
"Pray Church."
Ambition—Undertaker.
Pastime—Hanging around the girls.
Organizations—Athletic Association; Crown and Sceptre Club; Annual and Editorial Staffs; Class President.

MADGE ROMETTA GARDIN
"MIDGET"
"Oh, Gee!"
Ambition—Physical Directress.
Pastime—"Looking cute."
Organization—Athletic Association.

NORMA CREOLA MICHAEL
"BUNKY"
"G'wan, kid!"
Ambition—Linguist.
Pastime—Doing the "Charleston."
Organizations—Athletic Association; Annual and Editorial Staffs.

HERMAN WAKEFIELD PETTY
"T— HOIMAN"
"Dad burn ye!"
Ambition—Physician.
Pastime—Running 'round to reduce.
Organizations—Athletic Association; Editorial Staff.

ROBERT WILLIAM YOUNG
"RABBI"
"Lookie heah, bo!"
Ambition—Electrician.
Pastime—Drawing pictures and girls.
Organizations—Athletic Association; Annual and Newspaper Staffs.

IDA OLIVE EDDINGS
"CHICKIE"
"Oh, Gracious!"
Ambition—Trained Nurse.
Pastime—Dodging "Wash."
Organization—Athletic Association.

ADDIE LEOLA LOGAN
"BOOTS"

"Aw, Thucks!"

Ambition—School Teacher.
Pastime—Talking "Tied-Tongue."
Organization—Athletic Association.

HAROLD FERNE BURTON
"WASH"

"Aw, shet y' mouth!"

Ambition—Mechanic.
Pastime—Aggravating girls.
Organizations—Athletic Association, Newspaper Staff.

ELNORA FOLSOM MARTIN
"BUBBLES"

"Now, isn't that cute!"

Ambition—Organist.
Pastime—"Gossiping."
Organization—Athletic Association.

LENNA AUGUSTA MEANS
"LENNY"

"Don't worry me!"

Ambition—Stenographer
Pastime—To eat and like all E's.
Organizations—Athletic Association; Debating Club; Annual Staff; Newspaper Staff; Crown and Sceptre Club.

GEORGIA MAE HOPKINS
"GIGGIE"

"Hot ya Molly!"

Ambition—Linguist.
Pastime—"Getting into devilment."
Organizations—Editorial and Annual Staffs.

HAROLD FREDERICK FORD
"HARRY"

"Never can tell."

Ambition—Surgeon.
Pastime—Studying ("Meaness").
Organizations — Athletic Association; Newspaper Staff; Debating Club.

EDITH DOROTHEA STEELE

"DOT"

"And don't you forget it!"

Ambition—Music Directress.
Pastime—"Running around."
Organizations—Athletic Association; Editorial Staff; Crown and Sceptre Club; Debating Club.

EDWARD APOLLO HOUSE

"E— BANE"

"Just right!"

Ambition—Physician.
Pastime—To live as long as pretty girls are here.
Organization—Athletic Association.

STELLA ELIZABETH FOWLER

"TEDDY"

Ambition—Milliner.
Pastime—Trying to be a crossword puzzle.
Organization—Athletic Association.

THERESA ELIZABETH MILLER

"PEGGY"

"You know me, kid!"

Ambition—School Teacher.
Pastime—Talking a lot.
Organizations—Athletic Association and Debating Club.

HENRY EDWARD JONES

"ED"

"Aw, keep quiet!"

Ambition—Specialist.
Pastime—Teasing girls.
Organization—Athletic Association.

GLADYS MADALINE COWAN

"TOTS"

"Lookie heah!"

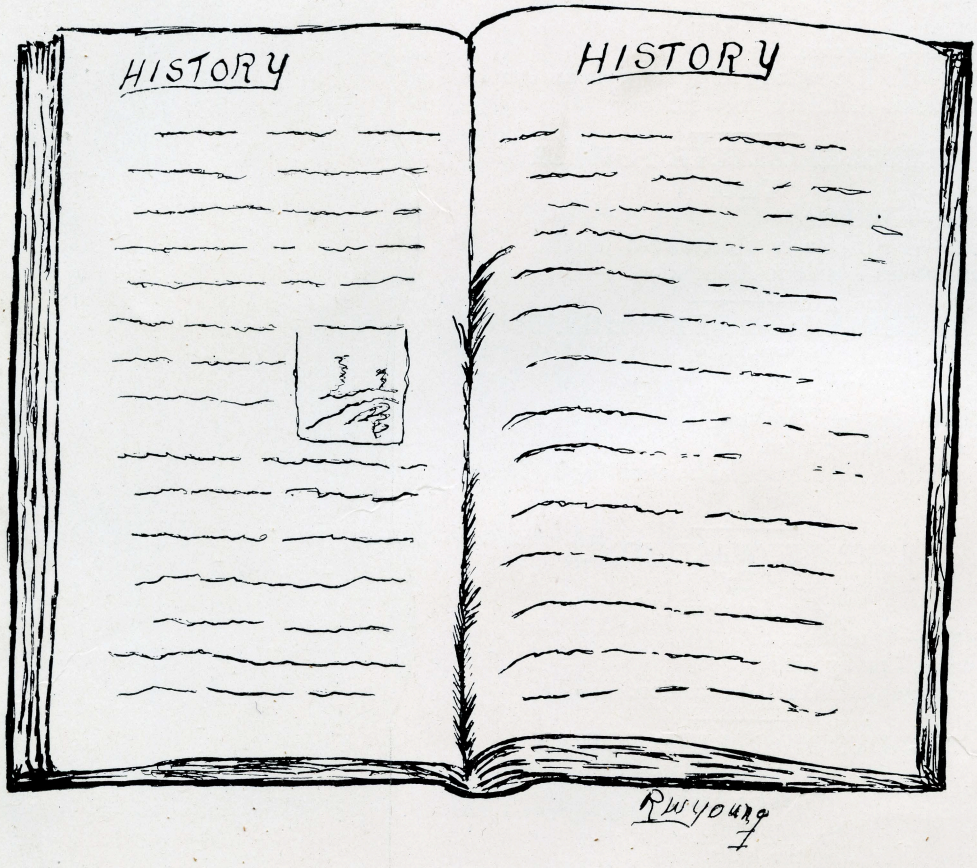
Ambition—Home Economics.
Pastime—Walking the halls.
Organizations—Athletic Association; Debating Club; Crown and Sceptre Club.

JOHN ARCHIBALD DUSENBURY

"DUSEY"

"N-n-now, l-l-listen!"

Ambition—Doctor of Divinity.
Pastime—"Singing."
Organizations—Athletic Association; Crown and Sceptre Club; S.-L. Quartet.


HISTORY
HISTORY
RW young

Senior Class History, 1926

It was the first Tuesday of September, 1922—a calm, peaceful autumnal day, radiant with the sunshine of hope, cheer, and joyous promises. The good ship Stephens-Lee High School stood at anchor at the wharf of a new school year. It was the same old ship that had carried many passengers to safe harbor in the Land of Great Wisdom, but this day was a gala day in its history.

Many people gazed upon it in wonder as they watched the forty beautiful and charming young ladies and the twenty-three bold and dashing young men as they so happily stepped aboard, for it was rumored that they were about to set sail over new and untried waters in a quest for the fountain of perfect understanding. As the good ship stood at anchor on that eventful September morning, the passengers began to arrive. To me was entrusted the important task of writing the log of this voyage that even then we all realized was to be the most important in our lives.

I had scarcely finished placing my signature upon the ship's register along with sixty-one others, when we peeped over our shoulders and, lo! one more joined us. As she wrote her name, we were surprised to decipher the letters that she wrote. We had heard of the young lady before and had known of her many pranks; we knew we would not find her fond of study, but we were sure her jolly nature would brighten for us many an otherwise gloomy hour. In a short time we were joined by four more. The berths were all filled and we were assured of a happy voyage. We were naturally very enthusiastic and asked many eager questions of our captain concerning the incidents of our voyage and its probable length. We were assured that if we were persevering and diligent in our duties we should easily reach our destination at the end of four years.

With hopeful hearts and smiling faces we bade our parents and friends adieu and waved our handkerchiefs from the deck at those left behind in the Grammar grades as we steamed away from the wharf and out of harbor, actually embarked for a four years' absence on our voyage of High School Life. We were young and socially inclined, so it did not take us long to become acquainted with our fellow passengers and to feel very much at home with our Pilot, the Captain, the Stewardess, and even the Porter. Our fears of shipwreck were entirely wiped away in the assurance that so able a staff of seamen had us in their charge.

There were naturally a great many cases of seasickness and various ones tossed themselves overboard in times of rough sea. We regret to say, however, that two, just as they were doing their very best, were washed away never to return. The Stewardess assured the remaining few calmly but firmly to consume the indigestibles over and over until they were perfectly assimilated. They bravely managed to hold us down. We noticed at the outset of the voyage that the stream upon which we had set sail was narrow and sheltered; but, using our field glasses, we could see such wide vistas of water ahead that we were led to inquire of the Captain the significance of the situation. He explained that the voyage of High School Life was in reality to be over four seas, though the four bodies of water were so closely joined that they seemed but one immense sea.

The usual intimacy of shipboard soon sprang up between us voyagers. We have been loyal shipmates since. We sailed over Freshman Sea and received our identification cards from the Purser almost before we knew it. It would take a long time to tell everything about the eventful voyage. It would be, nevertheless, very interesting to tell the many

delightful experiences, the helpful lessons, the changes in the passenger list at the various ports along the way, the parting from this one, and the welcoming of that one. After all, this has but little vital significance except to us, the few who still remain together to land tonight at Commencement Wharf.

We must not divulge the secrets of our shipmates and must not forget the loyalty due our class colors so valiantly flying at the masthead. The best and most vital part of a person's history is never given to the world. So must it be with the Class of 1926. It has been a most wonderful voyage and we have accumulated many souvenirs from every port, striving, however, to guard against the danger of excess baggage and of taking unto ourselves anything which would not be of service to us on the yet greater voyage of Real Life upon which we are this day to embark.

We have not faced any gale which we were not able to withstand. We have not been wrecked upon the shoal of any threatening task. When it was made known that our ship was to be one of the best, we took on greater responsibilities. The tides of our averages have continued to ebb and flow. The waves of mathematical problems have kept up their ceaseless motion and commotion. The bellows of examination questions have sometimes tried their best to overwhelm us, but none succeeded. We have been able to procure the necssary passport at the entrance of every and each succeeding sea and have been able to pay the price of the voyage in good, hard work.

We have sympathized with the seasick passengers who made up the various new classes. We have enjoyed the successful experiences of those who have landed on other shores. Now we look at the larger, more majestic ocean ahead and feel our experiences have fitted us to withstand every storm and other opposing force with no fear of disaster, saying with Byron:

"Roll on, thou deep and angry blue ocean, roll,
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain."

But not in vain for the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-six. We will go on writing new logs of adventure and yet more wonderful discovery. The voyage of High School Life is at an end, but the voyage of Real Life is just at its triumphant commencement.

A. E. MANLEY, '26.

WILL
R.W.Young

Class Will

WE, the members of the Senior Class of Stephens-Lee High School, in our last will and testament, signed under the seal of sorrows and woe, do hereby bestow upon those who are to follow us through the path of hard knocks the becoming and unbecoming things we must be rid of.

To our beloved Principal the Class of '26 bequeaths a twig of forget-me-nots, so that when new teachers are needed we will not be forgotten.

To the Class of '29, those poor, green Freshmen, we leave three more glorious years at Stephens-Lee, with a hope that they will pass successfully over Sophomore dumbness and Junior omniscience to Senior dignity.

G. Cowan leaves some brain to Cassie Burke. M. Gardin wills her gift of gab to J. Patton.

A. Dusenbury, having never experienced the infatuations of a lady friend, does bequeath as a permanent inheritance his steady years of bachelorhood to W. Tygers.

H. Petty and A. Ruff leave to Mae Ryan and Alice Robertson, respectively, one pound of their surplus flesh.

All the girls of the Class of '26 bequeath to C. Harper all their flashy jewels and bandeaus.

A. Manley bequeaths his dearest earthly treasure, one Alice Robertson, to any young man who can handle her as easily as he did.

G. Hopkins, overflowing with a gift of wit, does bestow this gift upon S. Creech.

E. House can and does warn all aspirants for any kind of graduation against anything mean, especially L. Means.

H. Ford leaves to I. Thomas a book called "Processes of Dyeing Hair."

H. Burton leaves his bashfulness and timidity (with opposite sex) to B. Williams.

L. Means leaves her aspirations to become a flapper to Mayfield Bynum.

N. Michael wills her sunny disposition to Inita Johnson.

Edith Steele bequeaths her love for Miss Osby to Minnie Lewis.

R. Young bequeaths his ability as a cartoonist to Joe Greenlee.

E. Jones leaves his unconcerned attitude and his ability to be always "mindin'" his business, "jest jogging along," to L. Beasley.

S. Fowler unwillingly leaves her belief that she has been everywhere, seen everything, knows everybody, and knows everything to Elizabeth Murray.

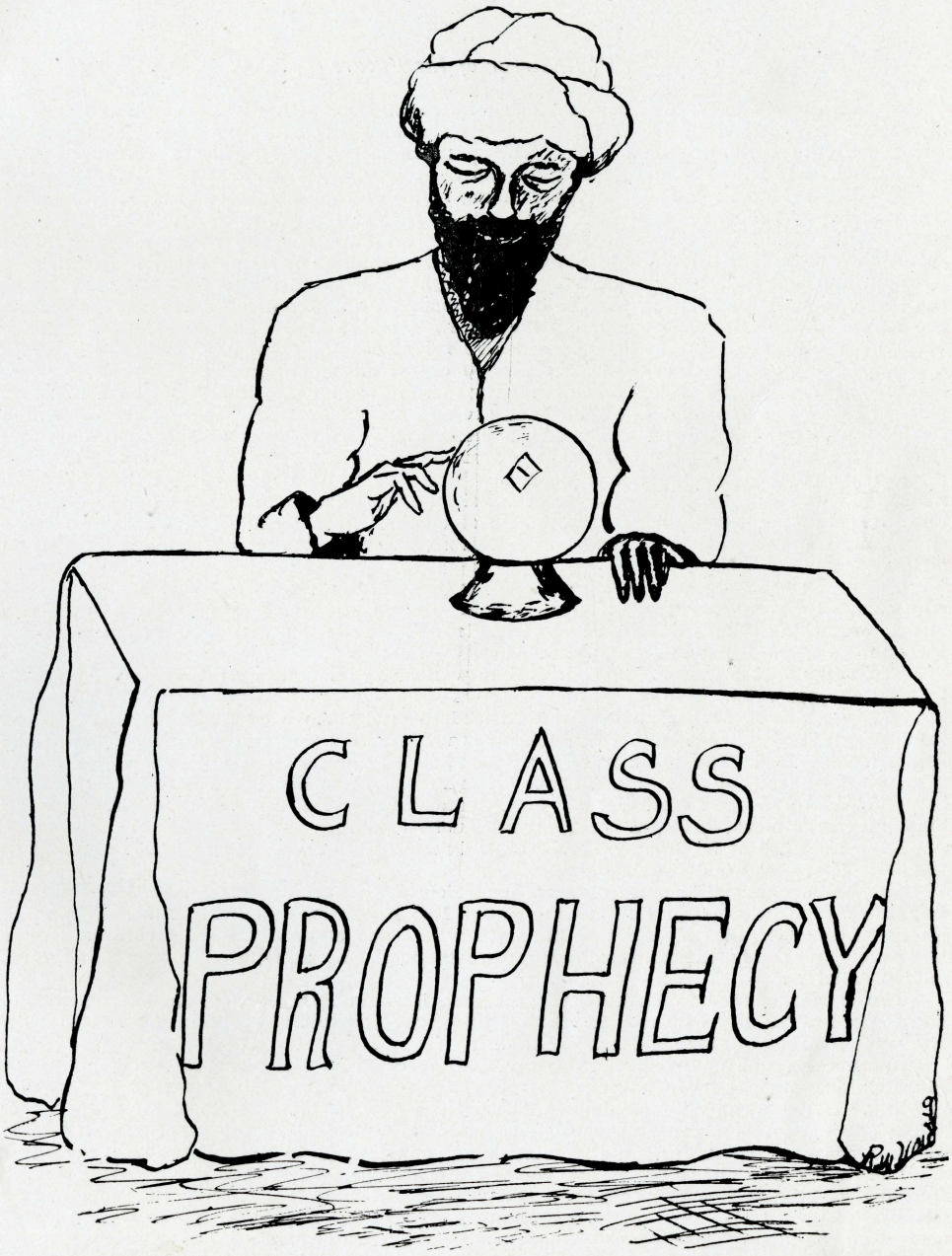
Signed under my hand, this 41,389th day of hard knocks, in the year of our troubles.

Notary Public:

M. K. BELL.

Witness:

W. S. LEE.


CLASS
PROPHECY

Prophecy

The Mirror of the Future

As the Class of 1926 was contemplating its coming commencement exercises, it fell to my lot to forecast the future of these fair damsels and gallant young men. After vainly endeavoring to cultivate what is commonly known as "second sight," I concluded that prophetic vision was not my strongest point. However, on May 23rd, 1926, one week before commencement, the fate of those young ladies and gentlemen, who were once carefree and happy schoolmates at dear old Stephens-Lee, was made known to me. The prophetic vision came about in this way: Weary of examinations and rehearsals, I went to spend a week-end with friends in Winston-Salem. While on my way back, the train was wrecked and the passengers were obliged to alight at a small station. Wandering about the place, impatiently waiting for the outward bound train, I noticed a big black cloud in the north. Almost immediately everything grew dark. I was whirled around and lifted very rapidly upward. After what seemed an hour of constant whirling, I found myself in a strange place. When I dared look around, I espied an old man coming toward me. He had a long white beard which reached nearly to the ground. He inquired who I was and whence I came. I told him. He said, "You are now on one of the inferior planets, of which I am high priest. You came to me in a cyclone, and there is but one way to return, and that is by allowing yourself to be put in a trance." To this I readily consented. The high priest made some signs. Soon I felt drowsy. The first thing I realized was that I was in a strange city. As I walked up the street I met an exceedingly stout lady pushing a go-cart. She immediately recognized me, but it was some time before I could convince myself that it was my old classmate, *Ada Ruff*, or *Mrs. Harold Burton*, taking her triplets out for an airing.

The scene then changed and I again found myself with a schoolmate, *Lenna Means*, who had just driven in from Kanchatca, where, she said, she was keeping a store and living alone. Just think of it! *Edward House* had played her false, and she remained an old maid rather than transfer her affections to another.

From this spot I went to Boston. While wandering about the streets, I was attracted by a sign which read: "We can reduce your weight, fat people; do not despair." I realized how disagreeable it was to be fat, so I decided to give them a trial. At the door of the tumbledown shop stood a lady, very slim and tall. While I was trying to think whom she resembled, she said, "Don't you remember me, *Theresa?*" Sure enough, it was *Edith Steele*.

I made my way outside, where I met *Stella Fowler*. She had taken unto herself a husband, *Edward Jones*. Together they were demonstrating the value of hair grease of all kinds and description. *Edward* was always a business man.

Next I seemed to be in New York. Here I met *Harold Ford*. He was then starring in the play, "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em."

The scene changed to Central America. *Norma Michael* appeared with ten children. Imagine my surprise when I found her married to a Central American, *Albert Manly*. I afterwards learned that *Norma* was his sixth wife. The other five were divorced. *Albert* was developing the business interests of Latin America. He was reputed to be worth several million dollars.

The scene changed to Busbee, where I met *Herman Petty*. After he left school, he had formed a "Beauty Chorus," he himself being the greatest attraction. Associated with him were *Georgia Hopkins* and *Addie Logan*.

Again the scene changed. Before my eyes there arose the beautiful Quaker City of Philadelphia. On one of its prominent streets my attention was directed to a large brick building. I entered and immediately found that it was a hospital. I asked for the matron. When she appeared, I recognized the voice and exclaimed, "Why, *Olive Eddings!*" She told me that she was entering the University of Pennsylvania in the fall to study medicine.

I made my way out to the street, where I met *Gladys Cowan* with her husband, *Archie Dusenbury*. *Archie* was preaching at the largest Presbyterian church in Philadelphia. *Gladys* was playing the pipe organ each Sunday. I met my old chum, *Madge Gardin*, demonstrating the latest "Charleston" steps in the Palace Theater.

The scene changed and I found myself in Charlotte. While eating at the Plaza Cafe, I espied my old classmate, *Dr. Elnora F. Martin*, at dinner with *Robert Young*, the famous cartoonist of the "Charlotte Times."

Suddenly I awoke, sitting again in a railroad coach on my way back to Asheville. Musing over my trance or vision, I am waiting for time to prove the truth of my prophecy.

11-A Class

11-A Class

Nellie Reinhardt
Ethel Vaughn
Janie Patton
Julia Porter
Inita Johnson
Rosa Johnson
Cornelia Harper
Elnora Martin
Lillie Gaither
Robert Young
Cassie Burke
Amy Fonvielle

History Of The 11-A Class

OFFICERS

President ..... NELLIE REINHARDT
Vice-President ..... JANIE PATTON
Secretary ..... INETA JOHNSON
Treasurer ..... ETHEL VAUGHN

MOTTO—*"Courage, truth, and ambition cannot be conquered."*
CLASS COLORS—*Crimson and Blue.*
CLASS FLOWERS—*Cream Roses and Ferns.*

During the Spring Term of 1922, the student body of Stephens-Lee High School was increased by a group of forty-one brilliant students. Our aim was to choose for ourselves a higher course of study. For three successive years we have been working faithfully. It is our intention to complete our High School work after more struggling.

We are having great hardship. Many children have fallen out of school, but we are still fighting and have a favorable representation. As a class, 11-A takes the lead in the social side of school life, such as cheer leading, socials, and athletic sports. During the Spring Term we make it our duty to entertain the teachers and principal, to show our appreciation.

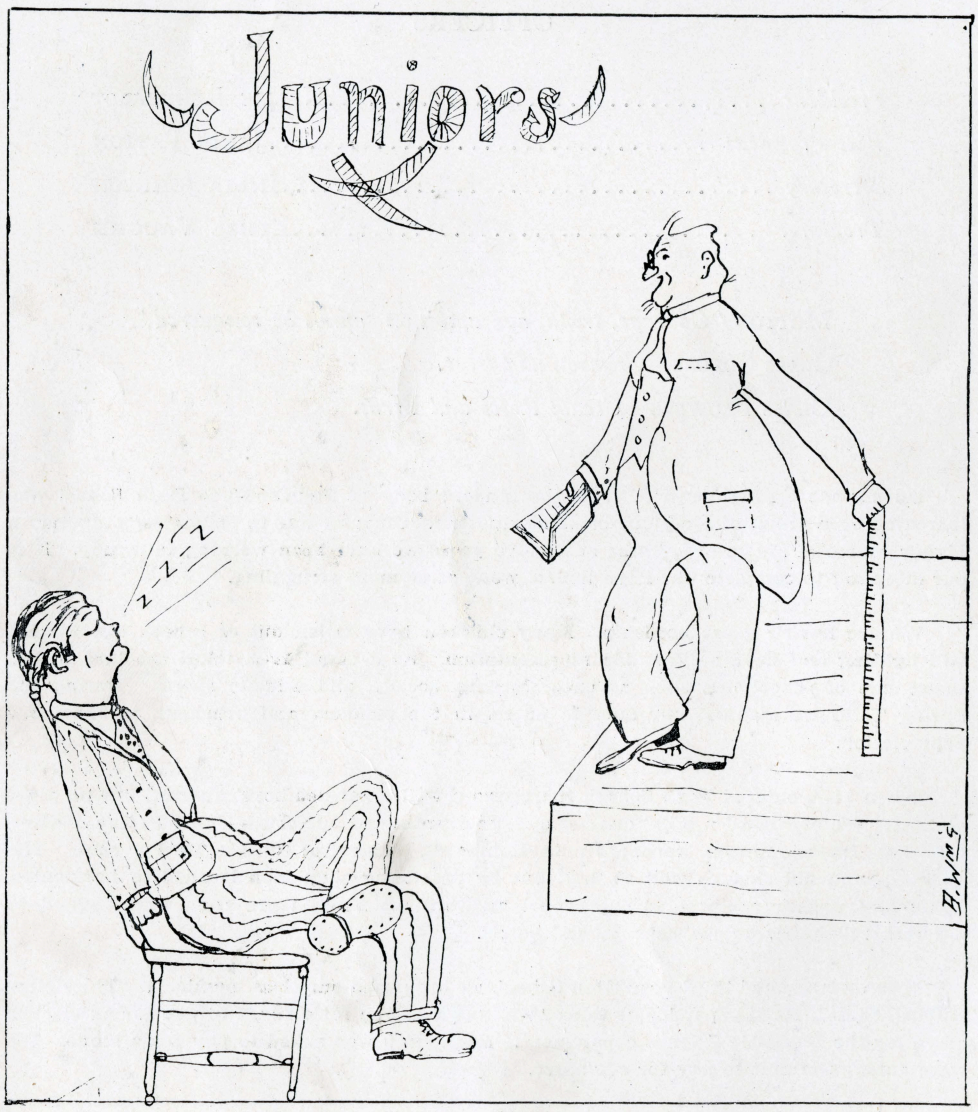
When 11-A entered High School, there was a well organized boys' quartet, but no girls' quartet. We organized a girls' quartet of four members of our class—Janie Patton, leading soprano; Ineta Johnson, tenor; Nellie Reinhardt, contralto; Cassie Burke, alto. The quartet could not sing so well at first, but by practicing they soon learned to harmonize. Their first appearance was in the school auditorium. From there they were invited to different religious services, schools, and hotels.

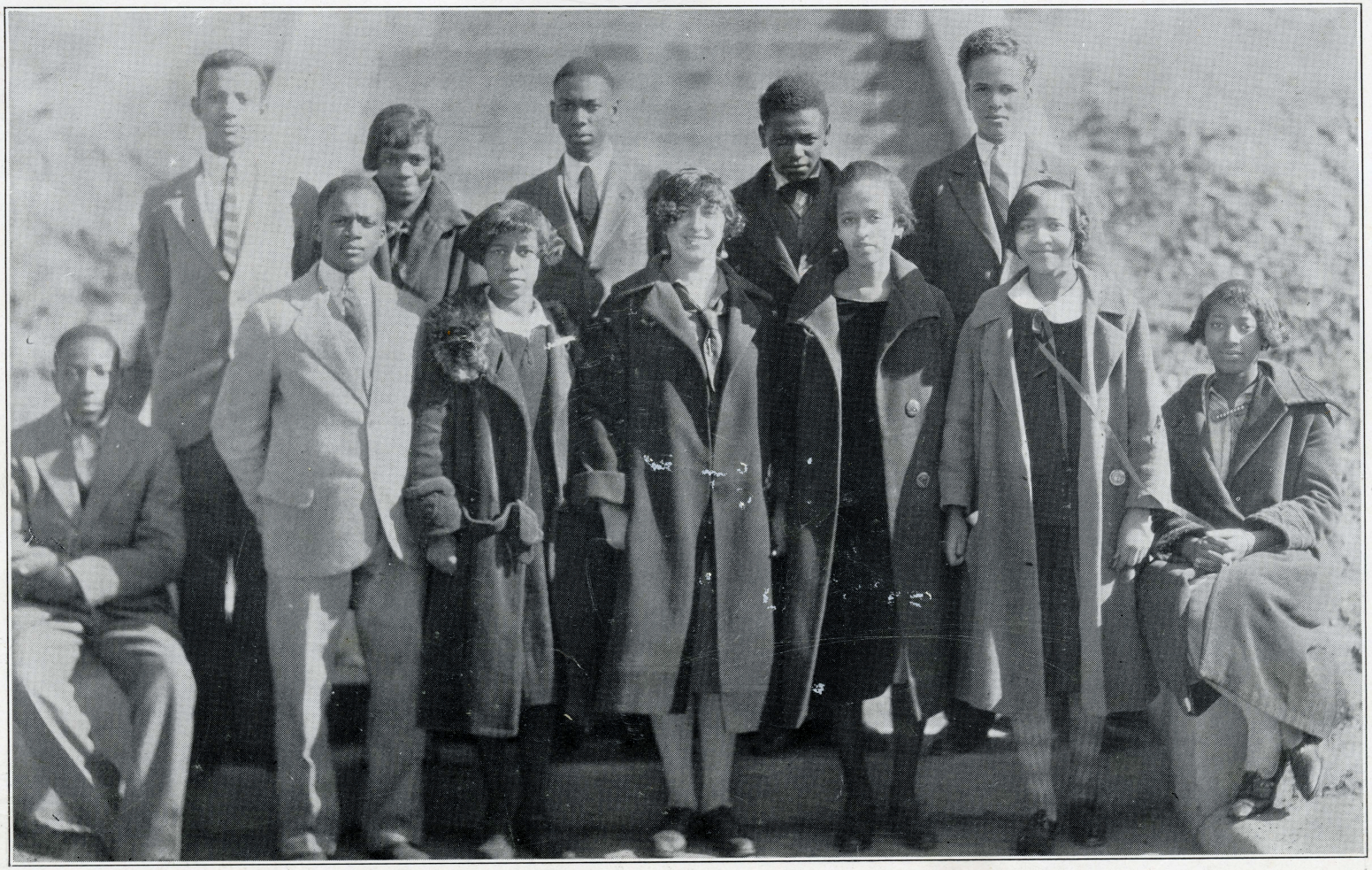
When we reached third year High School, we organized our class, naming it "The Better English Club." At this particular time, 11-A was asked to raise funds to pay for an electric stove for the Domestic Science department. Each class was asked to pay for a stove. We were among the first to pay for our stove.

We are still fighting for success, although we are being tossed about. Time will tell whether our battles have been in vain. Our intention is to fight on with courage, ambition, and truth until 1927. We are looking forward with pleasure to college life.

INETA JOHNSON, '27.

Juniors





10-B Class

History Of The 10-B Class

OFFICERS

President ..... WADERS TYGERS
Vice-President ..... BLANCHE HAMILTON
Secretary ..... ELIZABETH MURRAY
Treasurer ..... LAURA FORD

CLASS MOTTO—*"To the Stars, Through Difficulties."*
CLASS FLOWERS—*American Beauty Roses and Ferns.*
CLASS COLORS—*Salmon Pink and Apple Green.*

Never before in the history of Stephens-Lee High School has there ever been a class like the present Junior Class. We have had, we have, and we shall always have one of the best classes our school has ever known.

In the year 1924 we started our High School career. We were large in number. Each member of the class determined to receive all instruction which could be given. We have always been considered an all around class. We feel greatly indebted to our principal and teachers for the constant encouragement which they have given to us. This has enabled us to attain our present standing.

The second year of High School brought brighter prospects. We had to leave some of our classmates, others dropped out. To our joy, some of our best classmates joined us in the second year.

The Junior year has enabled us to see still brighter prospects. We have dwindled in number, but we are stronger than ever in hopes. We feel that now is the time to arrive at the conclusion as to what our professions will be in life. We shall all pursue the college course. Some are to study law; others will become graduate nurses, teachers, doctors, business men, and at least one preacher. In the Junior Class there are more members belonging to the Crown and Sceptre Club than in any other class. There are goals for us all in the future. We shall strive as we have striven to maintain the goal which is set for each of us. I shall prophesy that:

"We shall work for the best,
By the help of the sun;
And never shall we rest
Until our work is done."

E. MURRAY.

10-B Class

Blanche Alice Hamilton
Elizabeth Louise Murray
Laura Elizabeth Ford
Helen Bertina Fowler
Lydia E. Hill
Rosamond Guioness
Archie W. Mills
DeLaney Asbury Horne
Waders Tygers
Leon Bristol
Benjamin A. Gore
Pauline McMickens

History Of The 10-A Class

OFFICERS

President ..... MAUDE RUSSELL
Vice-President ..... CLEOPHAS WHITE
Secretary ..... RUTH HULL
Treasurer ..... WILLIE BALLENGER
Class Advisor ..... MISS C. E. BATES

CLASS MOTTO—*"To thine ownself be true."*
CLASS FLOWER—*Carnation.*
CLASS COLORS—*Purple and Amber.*

In choosing purple for our leading color, we have done so with full understanding of its royal significance, and we have asked ourselves over and over again, "Are we worthy? Will we be able to live up to our motto?"

Purple is within itself a perfect blend of the pure, rich red of love and brotherhood and the clear, bright blue of truth. Thus we have blended the element of truth with that of brotherhood. All this we feel so necessary for our mastery of our environment. The purple is for the masculine and the amber is for the feminine. Thus we have recognized both sexes in our class.

When we entered Stephens-Lee High School in February, 1924, there were thirty-five of us—twenty girls and fifteen boys. Now there are only ten—two boys and eight girls—known as the faithful few. We have overcome all obstacles so far, and I shall prophesy that we shall not fail. The Juniors all seem to be skillful and ambitious. We are taking part in all literary work and athletic sports. There were three members from our class chosen for the State debate. They are in person William Young, Amy Fonvielle, and Edgar Harrison. Many Juniors are trying for the annual oratorical contest. Ruth Hull and Willie Ballenger are our class pianists. Cleophas White is our great tenor singer. Edgar Harrison, who has never been serious, is the class comedian. Willie Way and Maude Russell are known as the best scholars. Amy Fonvielle is the class orator.

Our aim is to leave Stephens-Lee as one hundred per cent scholars. If we keep love in our hearts, if we cultivate a sense of brotherhood, and if we practice truthfulness, surely we shall become not only good scholars, but also good American citizens.

WILLIE WAY.

10-A Class

10-A Class

Etta E. Weston

Maude B. Russell

Ruth Hull

Lilla M. Mance

Thomas Cortez Johnson

W. Inez Ray

Inita E. Harrison

Sarah J. Smith

Inawieze Thomas

Edgar Harrison

Sallie Mae Creech

Lillie R. Beasley

Jessie N. Thompson

Geneva Greenlee

Cleophas White

Blake Williams

Llla E. Rumley

Althea Omega Gaither

William Young

Julia Love

Willie Way

SOPHOMORE

History Of The 9-B Class

OFFICERS

President ..... Julia Murry
Vice-President ..... Lucille Mills
Secretary ..... Weslie Stokes
Treasurer ..... Robert Pagan

Class Motto—*"We finish only to begin."*
Class Colors—*Blue and Gold.*
Class Flowers—*Pink Carnations and Ferns.*

When, in September, 1924, we boarded this great train to ride through the "Land of High School," we had some radical members, but we managed to work together fairly well. There were passengers coming aboard from all points South and East, but very few from the North and West. About thirty-five or forty of us passengers started on this journey to success. During our first year we managed to keep a good many passengers. Some got off at the first station.

At the beginning of the 8-B, a few more coaches were added. At first we had only six, which consisted of Science, with Mr. R. A. Lay as conductor; Latin, with Miss J. Arline; English, with Miss B. C. Bates; Civics, with Mrs. H. C. Smith; Algebra, with Mr. W. N. Arnold; and Domestic Science, with Mr. J. H. Long and Miss B. Osby as conductors.

During the second semester we managed to keep ourselves together and move along slowly. During this semester we took on only two more passengers, who seemed to be very ambitious. The end of the second semester was a sad time for some of our fellow passengers who could not pay their fare in Latin and were left behind.

At the beginning of our second year we had only twenty. The others had dropped out just because they thought it was time to get off. During our five months in 9-A we managed to get along better than ever. Our new passengers this time came from the North and South. This was considered one of the best semesters that our passengers have ever beheld. Whenever money was to be raised, we responded with good spirit, although we had to work very hard to obtain it. When it came to giving socials and the like, we have certainly had our part. As long as we have such efficient conductors as these to assist us in our journey, we know that this train will soon reach its destination, only to begin the greater and more interesting journey through the "Beautiful Land of College."

Robert Pagan.

9-B Class

9-B Class

Helen Eugenia Powers
Eleanor Burton
Lucille Cornelia Mills
Minnie Rebecca Lewis
Julia Helen Murray
Lois Lucille Chambers
Bonnie K. Gibbs
Beatrice Elizabeth Raleford
Mary Jane Kelch
Lorine Lillie Kelch
Weslie Stokes
Allie Belle Rice
Addie May Byrd
Robert Pagan

9-A Class

History Of The 9-A Class

OFFICERS

President ..... ALLEN DALTON
Vice-President ..... OLLIE MCCOOL
Secretary ..... BERTHA GOODRUM
Treasurer ..... GRETTA BROWN

CLASS MOTTO—*"Onward and never fall."*
CLASS COLOR—*Powder Blue.*
CLASS FLOWER—*Valley Lillies.*

We, the members of the 9-A, launched out upon our first year in High School in the fall of '24. There were forty-five of us. We were placed under our beloved teacher, Miss Bates. We found much hard work in our first year and also many good times. During the second semester 9-A lost many of its members. Many attended higher institutions of learning. The remainder are still struggling.

In the debating society, 9-A was represented by Bertha Goodrum, Lois Land, R. Michael, A. Dalton, Ollie McCool, and Furman Bratten. There are two dates especially to be remembered: On the evening of December 17th, we were entertained with a costume ball by Miss M. E. Osby; on December 18th, our teachers gave us a Christmas party in the lunch room.

We are striving to make each year better than the previous one.

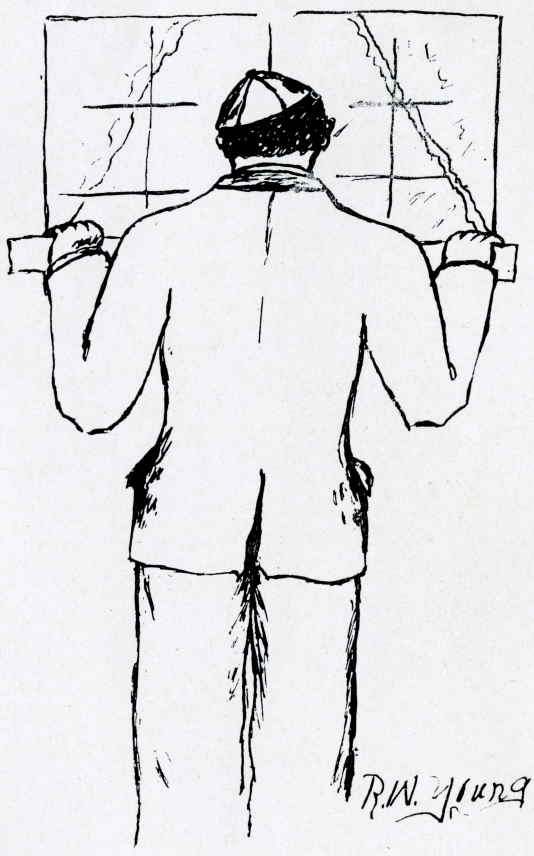
MAE RYAN.

9-A Class

George Birchett
Walter Bolden
Furman Bratton
Leon Burton
Allen Dalton
Brooks Howell
Charles Johnson
Raphael Michael
Jesse Ray

Gretta Brown
Beatrice Bailey
Geneva Curd
Bertha Goodrum
Pearl Long
Ollie McCool
Mae Ryan
Beatrice Shelton
Zora Lee Smith

Mary Weaver



FRESHMEN

History Of The 8-B Class

OFFICERS

President ..... THOMAS E. LANN
Vice-President ..... TEXANNA WILLIAMS
Secretary ..... HELEN L. WILLIAMS
Treasurer ..... LUCILE WRIGHT

CLASS FLOWERS—*Roses and Ferns.*
CLASS COLORS—*Red and White.*
CLASS MOTTO—*"Rise while you may;*
Yesterday has gone,
But we have today."

We, the members of 8-B Class, are complimenting ourselves for having passed the first half of our first year in High School. We feel that by this time we have ridded ourselves of half of the greenness attributed to us as Freshmen.

Everybody has started out with a new ambition to do better in the future than in the past. Some of our talent along the line of singing and speaking has begun to show itself.

We appreciate what the teachers and principal are doing for our development. We shall show our appreciation in a more real way by our obedience, scholarship, and loyalty to Stephens-Lee.

The red in our colors represents loyalty and truth; the white stands for clean thoughts and minds.

In concluding, we wish to thank the teachers for their service in trying to prepare us for higher institutions of learning.

TEXANNA WILLIAMS.

8-B Class

8-B Class

Janie P. Irby
Maggie Jackson
Mayfield W. Bynum
Dorothy Bruton
Anna K. Lynch
Eulah Freeman
Mary Jane Kelly
Rosa Clark
Malcolm Fortune
Ralph Arnold
Charles Bell
John Cowan
Luther Bell
James Boyden
James Bolden
Prince Brooks
Allen Greer

Grace Hunt
Myrtle Giles
Queen Dunlap
Anna Claybon
Texanna Williams
Christine Whitner
Helen Smith
Virginia Wilson
Nettie Robinson
Lucile Wright
Helen Williams
Frances Williams
Jack Steele
Thomas Lann
Ezelle Smith
Norman Smith
Joe Greenlee

History Of The 8-A Class

OFFICERS

President ..... Mary Thalley
Vice-President ..... Margaret Gaither
Secretary ..... Cornelia Williams
Treasurer ..... Richard Martin

Class Motto—*"Let us be seen by our deeds."*
Class Flowers—*Rose Pink Carnations and Ferns.*
Class Colors—*Medium Blue and White.*

The 8-A Class entered High School February 2nd, 1926. We are very ambitious. In our class of forty-one we have some talented readers, writers, and singers. We have many nice things planned and have hopes of carrying them through.

All of the other classes call us the "High School Babies." When noise is heard in the halls, of course it must be "the little green Freshmen" trying to get adjusted to their new life. We are glad to know that, upon investigation, it is generally found that "the little green Freshmen" are at work and the noise is being made by "the all-wise Sophomores" or "brilliant Juniors," and sometimes by "the conceited Seniors."

Cornelia Williams.

8-A Class

Canary Wright
Robert Walker
Maggie Belle Ray
Annie Lizzie Williams
Alberta Smith
Geneva Oglesby
Mildred Sutton
Katiebeth Mills
Frances Owens
Pauline McKee
Cornelia Williams
Annie B. Logan
Elizabeth Davidson
James Miller
Richard Martin
Susie Ella Wall
Philip Thomas
Mary Thally

Roy Miller
Willie Thompson
Pauline Westfield
Kathryn Mobley
Eugene Ford
Edward Lipscombe
Ernest Gilmore
James Alexander
Ernest Hill
Margaret Gaither
Evon Brown
Gladys Dykes
Louise Bell
Rosa Mae Hurd
Elizabeth Bynum
Sarah Brewer
Luther Hardin
George Barten

COOKING

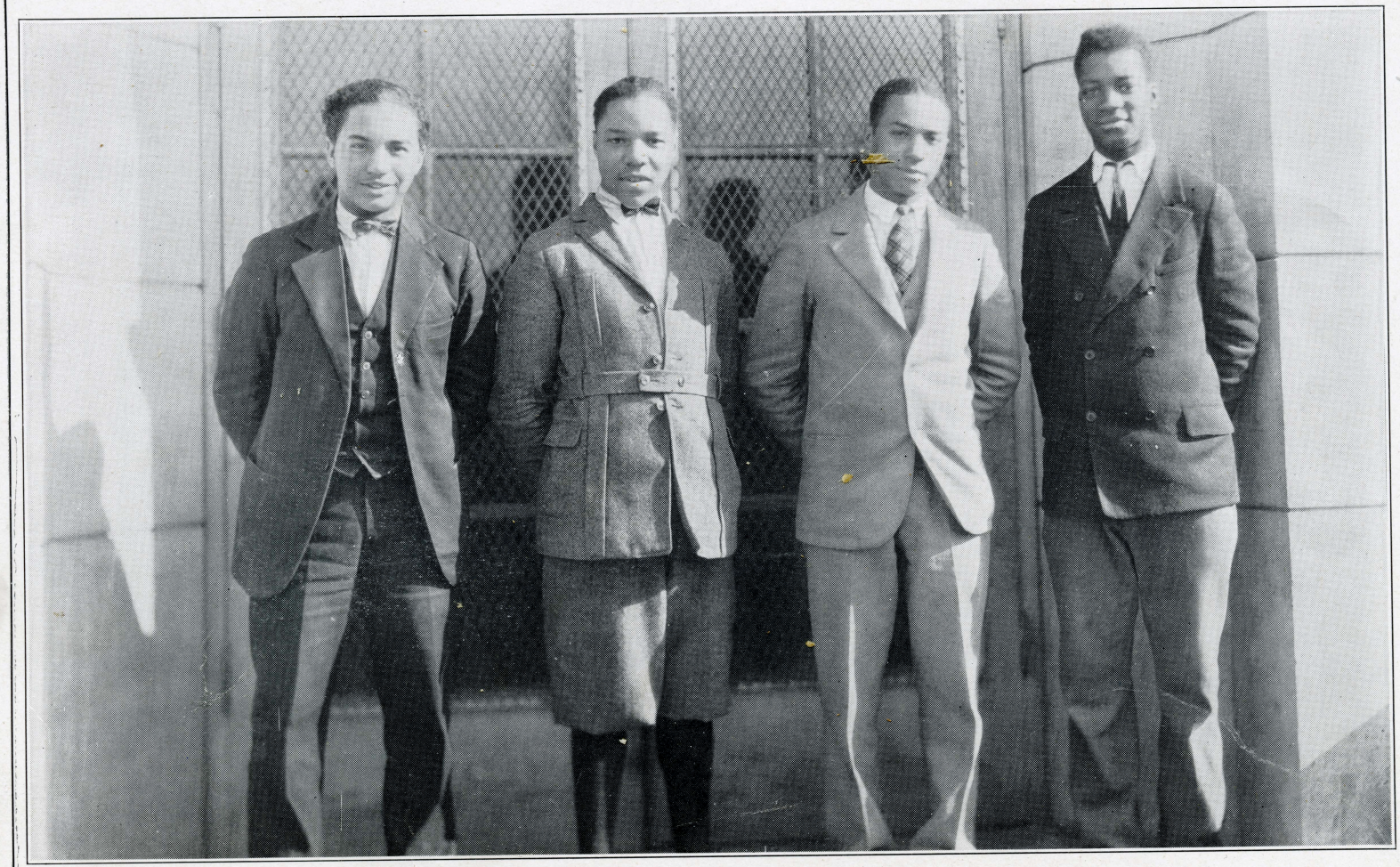
CARPENTRY

Manual Training

For the past two years our Manual Training Department has offered practical courses in elementary woodwork, reed weaving, caneing, and more advanced courses in cabinet-making, weaving, and wood-turning. One who completes a four-year course in this department is eligible to hold a position in any woodworking shop.

Home Economics

The Home Economics Department of Stephens-Lee School is rapidly developing into an A Class department. Much equipment has been purchased this year and some excellent work has been turned out by individuals. On the whole, Asheville should be proud of this class of work as produced by her children.



Boys' Quartet

What Are Stephens-Lee Alumni Doing?

(Many of the graduates are doing their bit in parts unknown. The writer has been unable to locate all.)

Two young men represented the class of 1907, the first High School graduates of Stephens-Lee. Those two are waving high the banner of their Alma Mater. Mr. Lawson Randall is one of the Agricultural instructors at Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va. Mr. Eugene Murrough is a successful undertaker at Winston-Salem, N. C.

Representatives teaching in the Asheville city schools: Misses Janie Few, Lucille Dobbins, Ethel Pearson, Leona McCool, Mrs. Mary Russell Hall, Mrs. Agnes Knuckles Gallego, Mrs. Vivian Cline Cooper, and Mrs. Helen Chandler Smith.

Mr. Alvin Gibbs, progressive undertaker, Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Maude McElrath, proprietress of a creditable hotel, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. James Kernes, Social Service Worker, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Miss Willie H. Knuckles, a student of Detroit Teachers' College, Detroit, Michigan, the only Race member in her particular division, made quite a record of scholarship, insomuch that she was exempt from all final examinations.

Mr. Chester N. Hayes, student of Lincoln University, gives the medal each year for Oratory to his Stephens-Lee Alma Mater.

Miss Dollie Townsend, Librarian in a flourishing California city.

Miss Blanche Cline, Domestic Science Teacher at Swift Memorial College.

Mr. Robert M. Hendrick, candidate for graduation, June, 1926, at Northwestern Dental College of Chicago University.

Miss Alda Fortune, teacher in Public Schools, Durham, N. C.

Miss Alma Thomas, 1924 graduate of Oberlin University.

Stephens-Lee Alumni are represented in leading colleges over the country.

FREDRICA HENDRICK LEE.

Elementary School Teachers

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL TEACHERS

Mrs. Pearl E. Jordan
Livingstone College

Mrs. Jennie C. Frederick
Paine College

Miss Mamie Martin
Scotia Woman's College
Supervisor Elementary Division, Mountain Street School

Miss Beatrice F. Reinhardt
Morristown College

Miss Leona C. McCool
Kittrell College

Miss Ethel M. Pearson
St. Augustine College

Mrs. Mary R. Hall
Livingstone College

Mrs. Emily S. Carter
Benedict College

Mrs. Desiree Mosely
Myrtilla Miner Normal

Mrs. Minnie W. Long
Tuskegee Institute
Winston-Salem Teachers' College

Miss Catherine Slaughter
Spelman College

Mrs. Meta Lee Adams
Benedict College

Miss Marie G. Jackson
Shaw University

Miss Marjorie M. Young
Bennett College

Miss Carrie E. Russell
Winston-Salem Teachers' College

Miss Jessica L. Arline
A. B., Georgia State College

Miss May M. Palmer
Cheyney Teachers' Training School

Mrs. Agnes K. Gallego
Morristown College

Miss Lucille B. Dobbins
Livingstone College

Book II
Stephens-Lee Life

THE SPIRIT OF STEPHENS-LEE

With soul-born faith, I'll bid the world to try me;
Nor plead my youth's unseasoned ken or skill;
Shall mountains stand in silence to defy me,
Their tow'ring heights shall not oppose my will.
Awaked, I'll seek for living truths around,
Nor sleep with fear upon the naked ground.

With growing faith, I'll ask great odds of distance,
And demanding, take those odds, my righteous due;
I'll hold to truth, whose liberal assistance
Shall free me for the worth-while task to do.
I'll follow trails that lead to nobler living,
And feel the thrill of life's unselfish pains;
I'll share my life with others, tho' such giving
May lead me oft to the lowly plains.

With broader faith, I'll use the moment current;
Tomorrow's dawn shall not weigh on my soul;
Should failure strike it, it shall prove no deterrent,
No thrust shall blind my eyes to lifes' high goal.
I'll not rush in where rashness bids the going,
But enter Hades at duty's clarion call;
I'll mount to right, nor shall I fear, well knowing
That right hath not whereunto it may fall.

With perfect faith, I'll make old chains to mind me
That slavery binds thro' fear's beclouded view;
I'll scan the upward trails of life and find me
That trail to heights where passed some soldiers true.
Rich prizes wait for them that crave the beauty
Of faithful work and laugh at doubt's poor wrath:
The hour demands the soul that's true to duty—
This is the age of them that still have faith.

BERTHA H. GOODRUM, *9-A.*

DEBATE

Debating Team

Crown And Sceptre Club

President.....Edythe C. Steele
Vice-President.....Elizabeth Murray
Secretary.....DeLaney Horne
Treasurer.....Laura E. Ford
Advisors.....Mrs. A. P. Martin, Miss M. K. Bell

Members

J. Archibald Dusenbury
Gladys M. Cowan
Ada E. Ruff
Albert E. Manley
W. Edgar Harrison
Blanche A. Hamilton
Rosamond Guioness
Waders Tygers
Etta Weston

Affirmative—Amy Fonvielle, William Young
Negative—Blanche Hamilton, Lenna Means
Coach—Mrs. J. W. Walker *Alternates*—Rosamond Guioness, Archie Mills

According to the agreement of the North Carolina State High School Debating League, Stephens-Lee debated Lincoln Acadamy at Stephens-Lee and Lincoln Academy March 26. Our team put up a very tight fight; yet we were defeated by Lincoln Academy, 2 to 1. The debaters of Stephens-Lee were well prepared for the subject, and their polished delivery was very forceful. This is the first year that Stephens-Lee has been a member of the State Debating League—hence she takes her defeat bravely. However, she expects to give her opponents "the axe" in 1927.

CROWN AND SCEPT[illegible]EAM

Crown And Sceptre Club

President.....Edythe C. Steele
Vice-President.....Elizabeth Murray
Secretary.....DeLaney Horne
Treasurer.....Laura E. Ford
Advisors.....Mrs. A. P. Martin, Miss M. K. Bell

Members

J. Archibald Dusenbury
Gladys M. Cowan
Ada E. Ruff
Albert E. Manley
Lenna A. Means
W. Edgar Harrison
Blanche A. Hamilton
Rosamond Guioness
Waders Tygers
Etta Weston

Every institution has its students whose averages are above normal. Some students wonder why it is necessary to make an average of eighty and ninety, when an average of seventy will pass one. A student who shows excellency in scholarship has many advantages that an ordinary student does not have, in that he is able to take part in many extra-curricula activities which are beneficial to him. When a student enters college, the first question asked is to what class does he belong. Out in the world, some people do more than is required of them, while some do just enough to get them by. The person who advances most rapidly is the one who does more than is required of him. In school we must get the habit of doing more than is required of us.

To encourage good scholarship, we have organized in our school a club known as the Crown and Sceptre Club. This club is very exclusive. Only students making ten above the passing mark in the first and second years of high school are allowed to join. We "Crown and Sceptre members" wish to maintain our high averages all through and finally to become members of the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

The Stephens-Lee Pioneer (Newspaper)

ALBERT MANLEY ..... *Editor-in-Chief*

Associate Editors

EDITH STEELE
INITA JOHNSON
LENNA MEANS
ELIZABETH MURRAY
GEORGIA HOPKINS
WALTER BOLDEN

Advisor—MRS. H. C. SMITH

Boys' Athletics

"Osky-wow-wow!
Skinny-wow-wow!
Stephens-Lee High School!
Wow-wow! Scat!!!"

Under the supervision of Mrs. H. C. Smith, faculty advisor, and Miss N. Michael, president of the association, we have gone into our sports with lots of "pep." In order to get the necessary equipment for different games, a drive was put on among the girls. Two captains were appointed by the president—one for the "Reds" and the other for the "Blues."

Athletics, under the instruction of Coach O. R. McCorkle, have made more progress than every before in the history of Stephens-Lee. Our baseball team seems to be in good trim for the coming season. When we meet our opponents, we will—

"Give 'em the ax—the ax—the ax.
Give 'em the ax—the ax—the ax.
Give 'em the ax—give 'em the ax.
Give 'em the ax—where?
Right in the neck—the neck—the neck.
Right in the neck—the neck—the neck.
Right in the neck—right in the neck—there!"

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GEORGIA HOPKINS
WALTER BOLDEN

Advisor—MRS. H. C. SMITH

Girls' Athletics

"Skin-e-me—rink-te-dink-te-dink,
Skin-e-me—ring-te-dink-te-do,
We love you!"

We girls of the Athletic Association realize that "all work and no play makes Mary a dull girl."

Under the supervision of Mrs. H. C. Smith, faculty advisor, and Miss N. Michael, president of the association, we have gone into our sports with lots of "pep." In order to get the necessary equipment for different games, a drive was put on among the girls. Two captains were appointed by the president—one for the "Reds" and the other for the "Blues."

Athletics, under the instruction of Coach O. R. McCorkle, have made more progress than every before in the history of Stephens-Lee. Our baseball team seems to be in good trim for the coming season. When we meet our opponents, we will—

"Give 'em the ax—the ax—the ax.
Give 'em the ax—the ax—the ax.
Give 'em the ax—give 'em the ax.
Give 'em the ax—where?
Right in the neck—the neck—the neck.
Right in the neck—the neck—the neck.
Right in the neck—right in the neck—there!"

GIRLS' BASK

Girls' Athletics

"Skin-e-me—rink-te-dink-te-dink,
Skin-e-me—ring-te-dink-te-do,
We love you!"

We girls of the Athletic Association realize that "all work and no play makes Mary a dull girl."

Under the supervision of Mrs. H. C. Smith, faculty advisor, and Miss N. Michael, president of the association, we have gone into our sports with lots of "pep." In order to get the necessary equipment for different games, a drive was put on among the girls. Two captains were appointed by the president—one for the "Reds" and the other for the "Blues."

The drive lasted for about a month. The "Blues" won. After a month of hard work for the association, we have purchased the necessary equipment for basketball and tennis.

We shall be able to compete successfully with other schools, because—

We've the t-e-a-m, team,
In which the hopes of S.-L. gleam!
We love old S.-L., yes, we love her
All the t-i-m-e, time,
And on the last d-a-y, day,
Everybody will s-a-y, say,
That the team that S.-L. had this year
Was the best in the U. S. A.

GIRLS' QUARTET

Students
R W Young

Stephens-Lee

Stephens-Lee, Crimson and Gray,
We'll love you when we are far away.
We'll always cherish your colors true;
By this you see we all love you.
We'll carry your beautiful name abroad,
Because of the good you have bestowed.
We'll always remember when we are away
Your beautiful colors—Crimson and Gray.

When we have risen in this world to fame,
We'll know it was through your wonderful name.
In our memory we shall see
Ourselves as students in old Stephens-Lee.
The members of the faculty we shall see,
And our dear principal, Prof. W. S. Lee;
Because we know they planned the way
For us to reach our height today.

BLANCHE HAMILTON, *10-B.*

We Shall Love Stehpens-Lee

When school days are over,
  Life will grow dark,
Skies will cloud up—
  But we shall Love Stephens-Lee.

When school days are over,
  Skies will clear up;
We may be successful,
  Life will grow dark;
We may fail—
  But we shall love Stephens-Lee.

When school days are over,
  Never to come again,
We pass as students outward bound.
  Skies will brighten,
Life will be sunshine,
  Birds will sing again—
But we shall love Stephens-Lee.

MARGARET GAITHER, *8-A.*

AROUND STEPHENS-LEE

She Who Understood

JESSIE MAE skimmed the four flights of stairs and breezed into the Ryan kitchen as lightly as if for eight long hours she had been quietly resting instead of catering to the needs of innumerable fussy, capricious, or exacting customers. The atmosphere of the room was depressing. Over by the sink father scrubbed stolidly away at the stains on his work-roughened hands, while the four younger members of the family kept well out of the way of a plump but indignant mother. The girl took in the scene at a glance. She threw a sympathetic grin in the direction of father and blithely addressed the woman ladling vegetables out of a steaming pot. "What has dad done, mother? It must be pretty bad. The gloom here is so thick that I had to look twice to find you."

"Bad! I should say it was." Mrs. Ryan shot out the words explosively. "He has gone and invited company to dinner next week. Just think of us trying to entertain a professor!"

"What of it, if he is a professor? I am a truckman, and a good, honest one, too," defended father stoutly. The idea of anyone being scared of Fred Holmes! I've licked him a hundred times when we were boys. And, anyway, I was so tickled to see him, I forgot all about him bein' a professor and up and asked him," he broke off abruptly, flashing Jessie Mae a puzzling look of entreaty.

The girl recognized it as a signal of distress, but was utterly at a loss as to its meaning. There was no denying that she and dad were terrible trials to conservative, over-sensitive Mrs. Ryan. One or the other was generally in disgrace, but through thick and thin Jessie Mae and dad were pals, each counting on the other's loyalty to help through an unexpected crisis. She must learn the cause of father's distress and help him now. If mother would only learn to take things easy, the way dad did, thought the girl, wrinkling her brows in her effort to understand fathers' frantic signals.

Of course, dad's salary was pitifully small, when it had to cover the needs of a growing family. That was why Jessie Mae was putting in her vacation behind the counter of Gilmer's Variety Store. She had just got to find a way to finish her high school course, so as to be ready to take a position as stenographer when she had won the coveted diploma. If she could only work into a secretarial position, the problems of the Ryan family would be solved.

"There is just one thing about it." Mrs. Ryan's sharp, decisive tone snapped Jessie Mae's mind back to the present. "The dining room will have to be cleaned and the table set in there. I don't know how you expect me to manage with so much extra work."

"No need of making a lot of extra work." Father's glance, coaxing, beseeching, defiant all in one, was on Jessie Mae as he added: "Just put on an extra plate—"

"Listen, Walt Ryan! Do you think that I'd insult a professor enough to ask him to eat in the kitchen?"

"Well, well, have it your own way!" father hastened to interject pacifically. "But if I was F. H., I'd get so everlastin'ly tired of finger bowls and fancy fixin's that I'd be pretty nigh tickled to death to get one good, plain, substantial meal. I don't know of anything that would taste better than hot johnny-cake and a boiled dinner, to say nothin' of that apple dumplin' you've got on the stove."

Jessie Mae gave a quick gasp. Suddenly she understood the significance of the signals father had been displaying. Her glance swept the kitchen—clean, light, and fragrant with the aroma of the cooking dinner. Over by the window the table, with its spotless cloth, made an inviting corner. It might be a whole lot worse. Let the professor come. She gave father a quick, understanding look. Then, with eyes dancing, she broke the news. "Don't murder dad, mother. But he has invited Professor Holmes to come tonight!"

Mrs. Ryan was speechless. She held the ladle high in her hand and regarded father with an uncompromising stare. Like a harrassed boy, he tumbled out his confession in a muddle of words. He was driving down College Street after delivering a load of goods, when the professor recognized in the man on the truck his schoolmate of a quarter century before. In the joy of their meeting, father had invited the professor before he left town. The professor was starting back to Tuskegee on the morning train and had suggested that he come tonight, though he would have to leave immediately after dinner to appear at a reception his former townspeople were giving him. He had seemed delighted at the invitation and eager to come.

The news produced a confusion impossible to describe. There was no time to clear the dining room, which, owing to the cramped quarters of the Ryans, did duty as a bedroom. No time to prepare any food but the perfectly cooked corned beef and its accompaniment of vegetables. Mother declared no respectable cook could serve dinner in so faded and patched a dress as the gingham one she was wearing, and there wasn't a second in which to change.

"Don't mind the unessential things, mother. He ought to appreciate being taken into the heart of our home," interposed Jessie Mae, whisking an extra plate out of the closet and, by expert juggling, shifting cutlery about so that the best-looking pieces of silver would be at the place of their guest.

"It isn't what we have; it's what we are that really counts. And see, I've put him with his back to the kitchen sink and facing the window with the nicest geraniums in it."

But Mrs. Ryan refused to be consoled. While she squandered precious minutes in scolding, Jessie Mae administered swift but effective brushing to the hair of the twins, sent Malcolm over to the sink for a hurried scrub and hustled Altce into a clean dress. She gave father an affectionate pat, to assure him of her sympathy. She soothed mother with: "Don't worry any more. We'll either give him such a good time that he'll forget everything else, or he'll be so shocked at our brand of hospitality that we'll never see him again."

The bell rang just as Jessie Mae concluded her solacing philosophy. Since mother refused to leave the kitchen, Jessie Mae ran to release the catch. Father, his face a study in alternate expressions of delight and apprehension, was close behind. Jessie Mae's voice, trembling just a little, but clear and laughing, made every word audible to the listening woman in the kitchen, as she excused mother's absence whimsically:

"Yes, indeed, mother's at home, but she was at the stage where the success of the turkey depended wholly upon the final basting when the bell rang. The only trouble is that our turkey is corned beef and the fixings are vegetables boiled in the pot. It's splendid of you to drop in informally like this to take potluck with the Ryan family. If you aren't as fond of johnny-cake as we are, mother has plenty of white bread, genuine home brand, and there is apple dumpling with hard sauce made after a special Ryan

recipe. I do hope that hearing this makes you good and hungry, for the only luxuries in dad's household consist of five dyed-in-the-wool American offsprings. I am the eldest.

"Now, we'll go out and view the other four. Oh, and here's dad. Dad, let me introduce you to our guest of honor, Professor Holmes. Professor, meet my father."

The next minute they were in the kitchen, the professor chuckling appreciatively, father looking a little happier. They found mother still flustered and grim. The four younger Ryans were in a state of half-shy, half-curious embarrassment. Jessie Mae caught father's eye. For once he refused to rise to her steady flow of nonsense. He felt too keenly the weight of his wife's displeasure and the sudden constraint of his guest under the weight of Mrs. Ryan's obvious distress. An unmistakable stiffness crept over them as they took their places at the table.

What a shame to have this dinner spoiled when it could mean so much to father, flashed through the girl's mind. She wouldn't, she just couldn't allow it to be a failure. Let the professor think her pert, audacious, what he would, she would make dad happy.

Without giving herself time to waver, Jessie Mae caught at one of the professor's remarks and launched the story of her first and only party, which had taken place on her tenth birthday. Knowing that her mother would object, the girl had kept the affair a great secret. The first that Mrs. Ryan knew of a party was when nine freshly combed and be-ribboned little girls had stormed up the stairs in a body.

It had been house-cleaning time and, despite all Jessie Mae's efforts, she had failed to escape mother's vigilant glance long nough to get into her own Sunday frock before the arrival of the guests. So they had found her on the floor with a pail of suds cleaning baseboards. Mother's surprise had been supreme. Jessie Mae had tried to act as astonished as mother really was, but her attempt had been a woeful failure. Then mother had risen gallantly to the occasion and fed the little girls such wonderfully large slices of bread and jam that they had gone home, after some games of tag up on the roof, declaring it to be the best party of the season.

She made the story really funny in the telling. Looking at Mrs. Ryan's forbidding expression, it wasn't at all difficult to visualize the scene the grl was portraying. The professor roared. Father found himself on familiar ground and added a telling incident as a climax to the story.

No matter how often the children heard the happenings of the party, to them it was always full of thrills and laughter. Mother could no longer hold to her feeling of constraint in the face of such riotous merriment and laughed with the others. After that all formality vanished.

Father and the professor vied with each other in reminiscences to the other's discredit. "I wouldn't have missed this dinner for anything," the professor declared, accepting a second large helping of mother's apple dumpling and the famous hard sauce. "I get so tired of being formally feasted and dined that it seems mighty good to be welcomed to a real family dinner. I don't know when I have tasted anything as good as that corned beef and cabbage and johnny-cake—and this apple dlmpling can't be beat."

"That's just what I said," father nodded his head vigorously. "I couldn't see any sense in being formal with Fred Holmes, just because he was a professor. I knew that he wouldn't expect anything of the Ryans but a hearty welcome."

Taken all in all, that dinner party was the maddest, merriest time the Ryans' kitchen had ever witnessed. The professor insisted on taking the family to the reception en masse. He finally overruled their half-hearted reluctance and compromised by taking all but Jessie Mae and the twins. The girl wouldn't listen to the idea of mother's staying at home, but helped her into her best gown and rushed the others into their Sunday clothes. The last thing the professor saw as he went down the stairs was a radiant-faced girl with a twin clinging to each hand as she called after them joyous farewells. The twins were in bed and asleep, the kitchen in perfect order, and Jessie Mae banging away on a rented typewriter when the Ryan family returned home.

"I tell you what, Jessie Mae," began father the minute he stepped in the door, "you made one big hit with F. H. He asked all sorts of questions about you; said he'd give anything if you belonged to him."

"Yes," added mother, whose shining eyes and flushed cheeks made her look years younger than she had a few hours ago, "he knew right off that I resented your father's inviting him the way he had and that it was you who saved the day. I am beginning to think that, after all, you and father are right. It isn't what we have, it's what we are that really counts."

The professor left town the next morning, but the memory of his visit lingered with the Ryans through the days that followed. A week later, Jessie Mae returned home from the store to find an excited group in the kitchen. That night the atmosphere was as buoyant as it had been depressing on the night of the dinner. "Look, Jessie Mae, the professor has sent you a letter! If he had written to father or me it wouldn't seem so queer. But what can he want of you?" Mother held out the letter eagerly. As the quickest way of learning the contents, Jessie Mae broke the seal. Her glance traveled swiftly down the page. Her face was all smiles and ecstacy, her voice vibrant with joy, as she exclaimed: "Mother! Dad! What do you think? Professor Holmes is going to appoint me as one of the typists at Tuskegee, so I can earn sufficient money to pay for a course in secretarial work. It seems too good to be true. He says that I'll need practical training before I can assume the duties, but listen: 'Poise in the face of emergencies and the understanding of people are assets as greatly needed in secretarial work such as mine as accuracy and efficiency. The first, you already possess; the other two, you need only training to acquire.' "

"Isn't it glorious?" Jessie Mae lifted a radiant face. "Just a few months of the hardest kind of work, and I shall be earning all that money." She named the salary promised in an awed breath.

"For the love of Pete! That's a whopping salary!" Father dropped down on a chair and stared at the girl in comic dismay.

"Oh, Father!" Mother looked not at Jessie Mae's starry eyes, but at the man's sagging figure. "What if you had been like me—too ashamed of your home to have invited him? Too busy thinking about appearances and conventions to think about just being kind and—and real!"

She wrestled with the idea as if the thought were strictly original. But Jessie Mae was too happy over the offer and what her salary would mean to the Ryan family to speak at all.

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AROUND STEPHENS-LEE

Manley—"I wish I could revise the alphabet."
Alice—"Why, what would you do?"
Manley—"I'd put U and I closer together."

Nita—"Edgar, your face is very clean; but how did you get such dirty hands?"
Edgar—"Washing my face."

Mr. Lee—"What's the largest river in the world?"
Lenna—"The Rhine.'
Mr. Lee—"Right. Now tell me, Edith, like a good girl, what is the Rhine noted for?' '
Edith—"For its Rhinocceruss."

Bob Pagan—"Do you think a girl should learn to love before (20) twenty?"
Irene McCorkle—"Nope. Too large an audience."

Ed. Jones—"I've just been writing my thesis."
Weslie—"You brute! You said I was the only girl you ever wrote to."

R. Michael—"I wish that you would learn to love me."
Jessie Mae—"I would if you would give me a more embracing course."

Mrs. Josey—"When did Milton write Paradise Lost?"
Petty—"When his wife returned from summer vacation.' '

Mr. McCorkle—"Young man, name a great universal time-saver."
Ed. House—"Love at first sight, sir."

I. Johnson—"What time is it?"
J. Patton—"Ten to.'
I. Johnson—"Ten to what?"
J. Patton—"Ten to your own business."

J. Porter—"Miss Bryant's hat is burnt orange."

P. McMickens—"Yes; she got it at a fire sale."

Burton—"Hello!"

Norma—"I beg your pardon! You've made a mistake."

Burton—Aren't you the little girl I kissed at the party last night?"

Norma—"Must have been sister; she's sick."

Petty—"Would you—er—advise me to—er—marry a beautiful girl or a sensible girl?"

Ed. Jones—"I am afraid you'll never be able to marry either, old boy."

Petty—"Why not?"

Jones—"Well, a beautiful girl could do better, and a sensible girl would know better."

Elnora—"Theresa, you are exactly like brown sugar."

Theresa—"Howzat?"

Elnora—"Sweet, but awfully unrefined."

Olive—"What did you say your age was?"

Madge—"I've just reached twenty-one."

Olive—"Is that so? What detained you?"

Mrs. Martin—"What is the plural of mouse, Edith?"

Edith—"Mice."

Mrs. Martin—"Correct. Now, Gladys, what is the plural of spouse?"

Gladys—"Spice."

Ada—"How did you know I wore my old hat to the theatre last night?"

Georgia—"I was told you took it off."

Cassie Burke—"I wonder how long I could live without brains?"

Nellie Rhinehardt—"Time will tell."

Rosa (to clerk)—"I want to buy some lard."

Grocer—"Pail?"

Rosa—"I didn't know it came in two shades."

OUR CALENDAR

Leon Bristol was old man Bristol's only
Sun.

Leon was extravagant and spent much of the old man's
Mon.

So the old man kicked, and cut his allowance down to ones and
Tues.

One day Leon declared he wanted more mon, as he was about to
Wed.

But the old man roared and cussed and said in a furious lip, no
Thur.

Now, this made Leon boil and
Fri.

To think how upon him the old man had
Sat.

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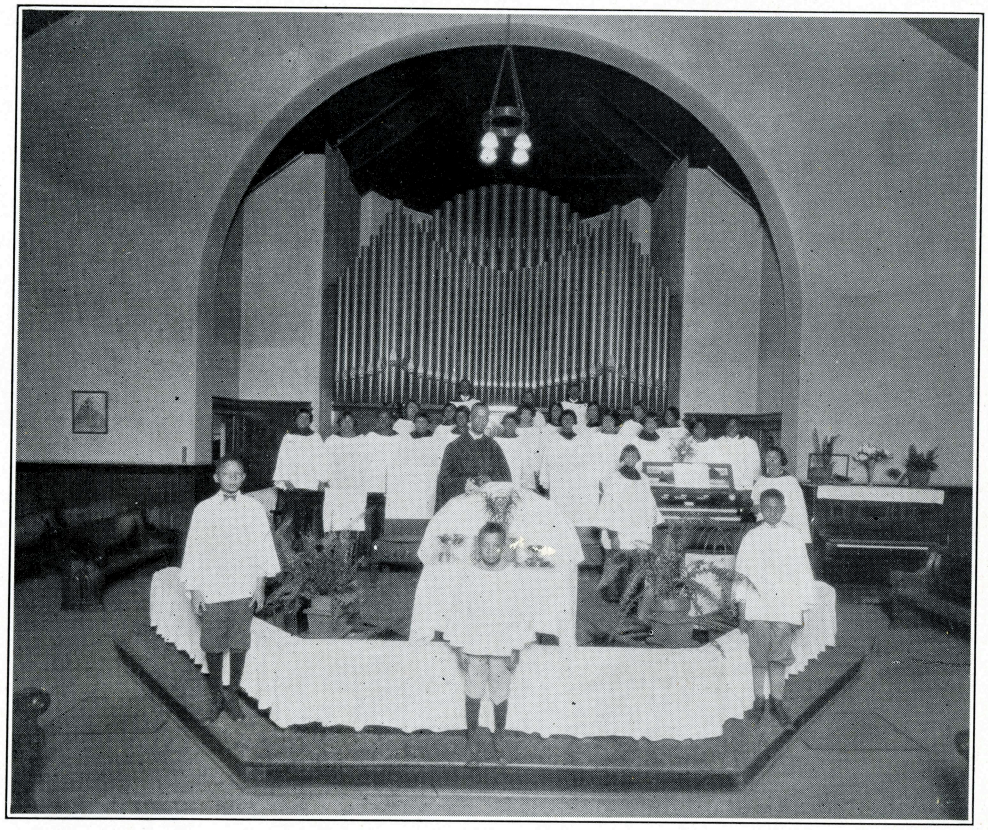

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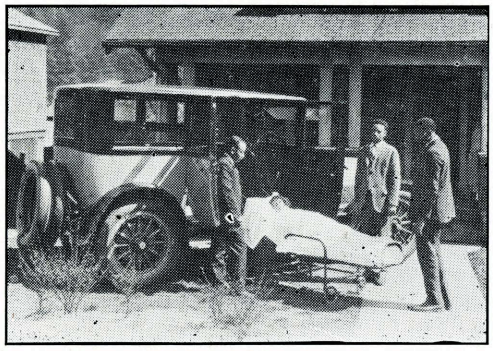

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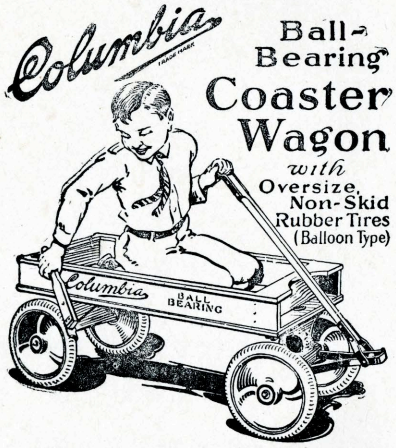

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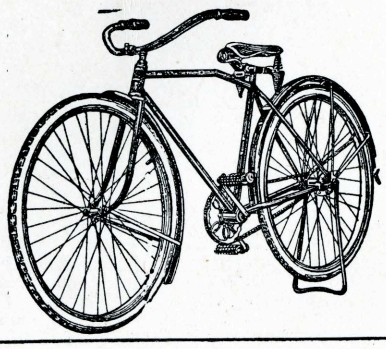

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